

# Arizona Weekly

VOLUME VIII.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1889.

## W. C. SMITH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

FORWARDING

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Casa Grande, Ariz.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CONSIGNMENTS IN MY CARE

MARK GOODS "CARE OF W. C. S., CASA GRANDE A. T."

Barley, Chopped Feed, Potatoes, Flour, Beans, Bacon

and everything needed by

MINERS AND TEAMSTERS

kept constantly on hand, and will not be undersold.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED

J. M. OCHOA,

LEADER IN

## POPULAR PRICES!!

AT HIS OLD STAND,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer

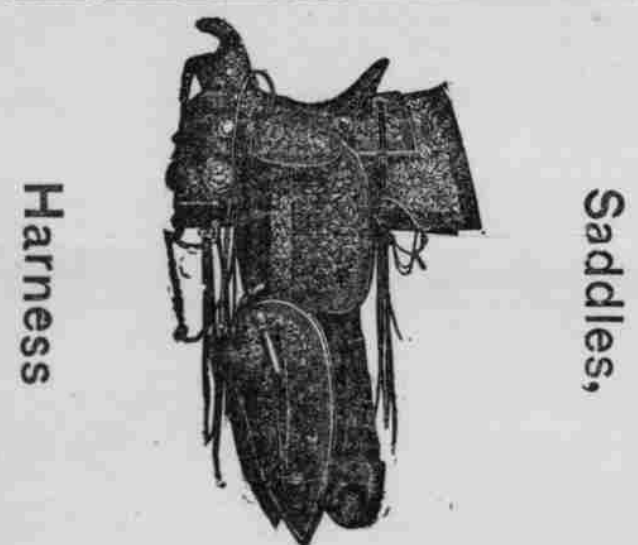
## DRY AND FANCY GOODS,

Furnishing Goods, Hardware,

Clothing, Groceries, Iron, Wagon Material,

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars

## LEATHER



Chain Harness, \$11.50; a Good Saddle, \$15; Concord Harness, \$22.50. All goods guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Kengla, Waer & Kengla, Opposite Post Office, TUCSON, A. T.

## JOSE M. OCHOA

Wholesale Dealer in

## Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

New Brick Building, Main Street, Florence.

The Largest and Best Stock of Goods Ever Brought to Florence.

The trade supplied in all adjoining towns

ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

### TOMMY'S DIPLOMATIC TACTICS.

How He Induced His Sister to Go to the Football Game.

"No, Tommy," said his sister, "I'll not give you 50 cents to pay to see the football match; you have seen a number of baseball games during the summer, and I think that is enough."

Tommy was dejected for a while and kept quiet, and his 23-year-old sister began to congratulate herself that she had silenced him for a time at least, and she would not be bothered by his teasing. Suddenly Tommy's face brightened and he turned toward his sister, but she was busy with some needlework, and was unconscious of the thoughts that were running through his mind. After a while he went over and stood beside her and watched her fingers as they dexterously knitted the bright colored yarn into fancy mats and things without names for a church fair to be held in a short time.

There was silence for awhile, only broken by the far away notes of a harsh hand organ as it ground out, in spasmodic time, the "Dougherty March" in the next block. At last Tommy broke the silence and said softly: "Do you remember Mr. Nicolfellow who used to talk to you so much at the hotel in Saratoga?"

"Yes, Tommy, why?"

"I guess you haven't seen him recently, have you?"

"No, Tommy. When we moved last spring I believe he was in Europe, and I did not know his address, so did not send him a card. What makes you ask the question?"

"Oh, nothing much; only the last time I went to the Park to see the New York Giants he was there in the grand stand and talked to me. He said he attended nearly every game. He had a lady with him."

"A lady, Tommy?"

"Yes, I guess it was his mother."

"Oh! (relieved). You say he talked to you, Tommy?"

"Yes, he said he thought I had grown a great deal since he saw me in Saratoga, and wanted to know how that good looking sister of mine was."

"Do you, Tommy?"

"And then he said: 'Let me see, your sister is about 19 now, isn't she? And I said I guessed that was about your age.'"

"Well, (softly)."

"Then he turned to the lady who was with him and asked her if she didn't remember the lady who looked so pretty that night at the hop; the one, he said, who had brown hair and wore a lovely pale blue silk dress, that became her so well and made the Rogers girls so jealous—I guess he said the Rogers girls."

And she said she remembered her quite well; and then she turned to me and said: "Are you the young lady's brother?"

"I said I was, and she said: 'You ought to be proud of having such a nice sister.' And I said I was, and it made me feel good when I saw how all the young ladies in the block were jealous of her."

"Tommy!" (severely).

"Well, I couldn't help it, 'cause I know it's so."

"Tommy!" (mildly).

"An' then Mr. Nicolfellow told the waiter to bring me a glass of soda water, and I asked him if I didn't want some peanuts, and I said I didn't mind, and he bought me some, and just then Dunk Ewing made a home run, and Mr. Nicolfellow said he guessed the Chicagoes couldn't play ball, and he'd rather see a game of football any day, especially between the college boys, and he said he hoped I would be at the football game this fall, and he wanted to know if you liked athletic sports, and I said I guessed you did, but you had so many other things to attend to, visiting sick people and things like that for the poor heathens in Africa, and"

"When did you say the football game was to be played, Tommy?"

"On Saturday, and"

"Tommy (hesitatingly), would you like to take me to see the game if I buy the tickets?"

"Why, cert."

Then she kissed him and told him he needn't say anything about their going, and Tommy moved toward the door. When he got outside he drew a long breath and exclaimed to himself: "Good! What a whopper! But it worked!"—New York Tribune.

Satisfactory.

He (with evident agitation)—Miss Grimes, do you sing?

She—A little.

He—And play?

She—Yes.

He (laughing)—Paint, too, I suppose?

She—Some.

He—(laughing) any?

She—Once in a great while.

He—Do you cook?

She—No.

He—Thank heaven! Miss Grimes, will you be my wife?—Burlington Press Press.

Ominous for the Bettors.

"Had you much money upon the election?" asked the judge.

"Not a cent," replied the mayor. "I worked a better scheme than that this time."

"What was it?"

"I was in the stake holding industry."—Fittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Not in Stock.

Rural Dame—Have you any pretty wall paper?

High Class Dealer (indignantly)—Pretty wall paper? No, madam; we keep nothing but the most highly artistic designs.—Philadelphia Record.

Good Advice.

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a citizen, who was after some free advice, "and I'm tired and worn out. What ought to take?"

"Take a cab," replied the intelligent physician.—Worcester Gazette.

Unkind.

As to the effect of "make up"—that is, of paint—upon the health of a woman, both of both interest and use. The opinion that they are very deleterious is just about as uninteresting and false as the opposite, which proclaims the use of stage makeup as the best means of preserving the complexion. The mere mechanical action of the brush and the rubbing of the face with the powder, and the use of the face is forever subjected, keep the skin in excellent condition and prevent the eruptions and blemishes so common to the outside world. In many cases when the actors are naturally careless of their appearance and neglectful, "make up" is a blessing and beauty upon the face, and health and handsome complexion that they would otherwise have.—Drake's Magazine.

During the last thirty years there has been a marked decrease of pauperism in London, there being now about twenty-five per cent. less, however, says The British Medical Journal, does not imply a corresponding diminution of poverty. It comes mainly from the stricter administration of the poor laws.

Some fellow of a mathematical turn of mind has been to the trouble to calculate that the light of the full moon is equal to that of 100,000,000,000 candles, and that within one or two of that number of candles could be set upon end on one-half the surface of the moon. This information will enable any one to figure out how much every full moon is worth to us, putting candles at 50 cents a dozen.

Slightly Insulting.

Cotton-head—A way, old chap, law having own a fellow live without brains!

Plunkin—I don't know; how old are you?

—Town Topics.

### WAYS THAT ARE DARK.

Giving Away Dice Boxes—Why the Cards Were "Sacrificed."

A dapper looking young man dropped in at a downtown street resort one day not long ago and inquired for the proprietor. When informed by the white aproned young man who caters to the first of the customers in the absence of the proprietor that the latter was not in, the dapper young man unwrapped a package which he carried and produced a new dice box containing the regulation five dice. He stated that he represented a certain patent medicine, the proprietors of which thought of giving out these dice boxes as an advertisement, and, if he succeeded in placing enough of them to make it an object, he would come around later and stencil an advertisement on the boxes. He begged permission to use the first one, and the proprietor, with his compliments, and, as the dice boxes in use were somewhat shabby, the white aproned man gladly accepted the new one and thanked the dapper youth. When the proprietor turned up a little later he was pleased with the gift and threw away the old boxes.

On the following afternoon a party of well dressed men entered the place, called for the dice box, and proceeded to shake for the drinks. After two or three rounds the men began to shake for a quarter a corner, and then \$1. The proprietor, who was behind the bar, noticed that the big man who proposed the shaking for money was the latest winner, and, in the course of the afternoon, one of the proprietor's friends, who had gone into the game, lost \$50, the bulk of which went to the big man. There was something peculiar in the way in which he handled the box, and, after he left, the proprietor examined it carefully.

While he was thus engaged an old friend of his, who had for years traveled with a circus, came in. He knows all of the tricks with dice, and, when asked if there was anything wrong with this particular outfit, he picked it up, looked at it, and then said: "Yes, it's what is called a California smooth box, and in practical hands it is a sure thing. You notice that the inside of the box is as smooth as glass and that the dice are perfect cubes, with square corners. The man who understands it can shake two pairs 'on the square,' and when he picks up the old dice he can slide it into a box with the desired spots on the upper face, shake it up and down carefully, and the same spots will slide out and fill the hand—like this!" and the circus man demonstrated the idea. The proprietor readily saw that the box had been "planted" there by the big fellow's confederate, the alleged patent medicine man, and he now retained it as a curiosity, but allows no one to shake with it.

Some months ago this proprietor was deceived in another way. It was just after Mayor Roche's edict against gambling had gone forth and the sports had begun to realize that wide open gambling was done for the time being, and were beginning to seek for fresh pastures new if they could muster the price of a railroad ticket. One day a certain well known sport, dropped in at this saloon and quietly informed the proprietor that he was hungry, had no money to buy a meal, and his sole assets consisted of three packs of cards, which he had saved from the clutches of the police at the last "pull." He offered to sacrifice them for twenty-five cents per pack, and as the proprietor's customers often indulged in a little game in the back room and he was out of cards, he then, he bought them, and the sport withdrew with seventy-five cents.

About two or three days later in came a party of young fellows, who, a few drinks and then asked the privilege of indulging in a small game. They were furnished with one of the three packs of cards and went into the room a few minutes later to take the party's order he noticed that the greater part of the chips and cards had accumulated in front of a sport whom he knew to be a friend of the fellow who sold him the cards, and when he went out he examined the backs of the other two packs, and found them marked ingeniously. He invented an excuse to break up the game, and then he burned the cards. Just now he is wondering if his eye teeth are through yet.—Chicago Herald.

Election Returns Sixty Years Ago.

Just sixty years ago Jackson's first election took place, and I find by reference to Niles' Register that the election was uncertain so late as the 24th of the following December. This fact is given in the following paragraph:

"A letter from a member of the committee of Pittsburgh, dated Dec. 24, to a friend says that a reply has just been received from Gen. Jackson. He states that it would give him great pleasure to accept our invitation, but he thought any arrangement relative to it should be deferred until the result of the election was perfectly ascertained. Then if the circumstances permitted he would be happy to become the guest of our city."

The above paragraph appeared in Niles' Register of Jan. 10, 1820, more than half a century ago.

The result, however, had been conjectured as early as the 23d of November, and The Register of that date says: "Not heard from—Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Illinois and Missouri, all of which but Rhode Island and Louisiana are conceded to Jackson, so that he will be elected by a very large majority. We shall at some future period present a full tabular statement showing all the votes in the several states."—New York Cor. Troy Times.

Effect of Stage Cosmetics.

As to the effect of "make up"—that is, of paint—upon the health of a woman, both of both interest and use. The opinion that they are very deleterious is just about as uninteresting and false as the opposite, which proclaims the use of stage makeup as the best means of preserving the complexion. The mere mechanical action of the brush and the rubbing of the face with the powder, and the use of the face is forever subjected, keep the skin in excellent condition and prevent the eruptions and blemishes so common to the outside world. In many cases when the actors are naturally careless of their appearance and neglectful, "make up" is a blessing and beauty upon the face, and health and handsome complexion that they would otherwise have.—Drake's Magazine.

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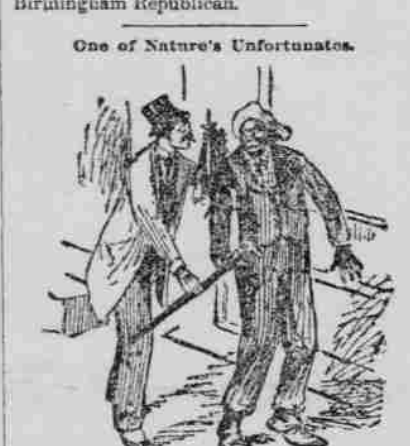
### Where the Fault Lay.

Young Author—Do you know that our mail service is in a most demoralized condition? It seems to take a letter an age to reach its destination.

Old Friend—Have you been troubled with it?

Young Author—I should say I had. I sent a poem to a New York paper more than four months ago and it hasn't been printed yet.—Burlington Republican.

### One of Nature's Unfortunates.



"Here, what did you take my silk umbrella for, and leave this old blue thing?"

"Why, boss—er—It's coughed blind!"—Harper's Bazar.

### The Name Was Everything.

Editor (writing to a literary man)—If you will send us a story—say 1,500 to 2,000 words—we will pay you \$500. You understand that out of \$500 for the use of your name and \$5 for the story—our usual rate.

Literary Man—I regret to say that I have no time or inclination to write the story, but I enclose my name, which you may use, and in return send me check for \$250.—Burlington Hawkeye.

### Taken Advice.

First Small Boy—Hello! Did you bet on election?

Second Small Boy—Of course I did.

"Win or lose?"

"Lost a nickel."

"No, and I ain't going to. I've taken legal advice from my mother, and she says I can't be held responsible."—Detroit Free Press.

### Commendable Caution.



She—It may be I have yellow fever, Henry. I think we had better send for Dr. Pillsbury.

He—Why, my love, I wouldn't send for him. You know he is color blind.—Life.

### The Directory Man.

The champion unconscious funny man is out in Avondale, where he is getting the names and statistics for the new Hamilton county directory. Yesterday he called at the house of a young couple who have seen just two summers and winters pass over their heads since the law and the Gospel made them man and wife.

"How old is your husband?" asked the directory man of the wife.

"Twenty-six."

"And how old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

"How long have you been married?"

"Two years."

Then in the same cold, far away official tone, asked the next question on the printed list.

"Have you any grown up children?"

The young wife faintly smiled, the effort was so great to suppress the hysterical laughter that possessed her soul, but she managed to say that their only child was still, in the nature of things, a baby.

This story is almost equal to the tale of the man who took the College Hill. He called at a family where there were twins, and, after being told their age, he blandly and unthinkingly inquired of the dumfounded mother whether they were born in the same state. He had followed his instructions to the letter, but in so doing had thrown common sense overboard.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

### An Unfinished Look.

Mrs. Wertheimer, of Murray Hill, has just moved into a new house. The parlor is beautifully decorated with the most expensive specimens of the upholsterer's art, and has a polished oak floor, only partly concealed by a few choice eastern rugs. She is entertaining a generous guest of her husband's.

"We think we are looking very fine in our new house, Mr. Wabash," she remarks, casually.

"Yes, indeed," responds Mr. Wabash, politely, "but I'll look a good deal shabby when you come to get your carpets down."—Harper's Bazar.

### Both Had Regrets.

Ho—Isn't this party of yours—bim—a little tough, my dear? (After a moment.) What delicious pies my mother used to make at home!

She (with a half sigh)—Possibly it is. (After a moment.) What lovely dinners papa used to give me at Delmonico's!—Harper's Bazar.

### In the Lobby.

Theatre Over (indignantly)—The idea of a baby yelling like that at a theatre. Why don't you have the youngster put out?

Manager (the puzzled)—I don't dare. It's the pet grandchild of the little actress you throw that bouquet to.—Philadelphia Record.

### A Reporter.

"Hello, Mose! What are you doing now?"

"I'm a reporter."

"Reporter! Reporter on a daily paper?"

"No, sah. You know I was potah for a while at de Commercial, but I been re-printed."—Harper's Bazar.

### The One Thing Needed.

Lady—Professor, how is my daughter getting on?

Professor Fortissimo (ambiguously)—Madam, it is only a question of time.—Burlington Hawkeye.

### No Fun in It.

Mrs. Smith (who is reading a humorous paper)—I don't see any fun in these jokes about big bills for ladies' hats.

Mr. Smith—No! don't either.—Texas Siftings.

### A New Orleans Lady sent half a dozen designs to one of the big cotton print mills at Fall River for approval, and some weeks later they were sent back to her refused.

Shortly afterwards she saw the identical designs on some calico just received in New Orleans from the mill, and wrote an indignant letter to the mill owners demanding an explanation. In return she received a handsome check for her work.

### In Cuba a woman never loses her maiden name.

When married her husband's name is added to her own, but she is always called by her Christian and maiden names. Children take the name of both parents, but place the mother's name after the father's.

### This is the Season for Planting the Same.

As the season for planting trees and vines is at hand, perhaps a few hints may be of interest to some of your readers. In the first place, secure from some reliable agent or nurseryman good healthy trees that are acclimated. One year-old or yearling trees are the best.

Healthy, thrifty stock, in putting out an orchard, is one of the essential requisites. Have your land well cleared of trees and brush, plow deep, not less than ten inches, and deeper if possible; lay it off in rows twenty feet each way, for all kinds of trees except apples and olives. They should be not less than twenty-five or thirty feet apart; grapevines not less than eight feet. Ten is better. On most of the lands in this county a hole large enough to admit the roots without cramping is sufficient. On extra heavy soils a large and deeper hole would be better. Carefully cut off all leveled roots with a sharp knife, with a slanting cut from the under side upward; set them about the same depth that they were in the nursery. Be particular about straightening out all the small fibrous roots, and fill in with pulverized soil, pressing it down quite firmly, leaving the tree a little toward the prevailing winds, which are from the south and southwest. After they are set out, if they are yearling trees, cut them back to within 16 or 18 inches of the ground. If they are two years old thin out the top to correspond with the roots that have been destroyed in transplanting. All the buds from the ground up will start and grow on those you have cut back. Leave from three to five of the top buds to form the top of the tree, and rub off all the others after they have started in the spring.

Shade the bodies of the trees for the first two years, as a protection against the borer. I do it by wrapping them with old cotton cloth that has done some use as sheets, pillow slips, dress skirts, etc.; tear it in strips about two inches wide. Commence at the lowest bud that you have left to form the top of the tree, and wrap it spirally to the ground. Dig away the earth a couple of inches below the surface, then replace the dirt and it will hold the cloth in place. The second year, when the body of the tree begins to grow, it will burst the cloth, and after that there will be shade enough from the top to protect the trunk of the tree. Shading or wrapping the tree can be done any time in the spring before hot weather sets in. It is a good plan to mulch them during the spring with damp, coarse or wet manure; the ground under the mulching retains the moisture much better and remains at a uniform temperature during the summer.

In setting out grape cuttings use a spade, digging a hole the size of the blade of the spade, both in breadth and depth; it is not necessary to remove the dirt from the lower half of the blade, loosen it up with the spade and run the cuttings down into it, press the dirt down firmly and fill in, leaving only one bud above the ground. They can be set out quite rapidly this way and it is better than a dibble or crowbar for that purpose. Ten or twelve inches is deep enough to plant them.—Exchange.

### The Texas Steer.

A week for so ago a Texas steer that was to be slaughtered at a New York barbecue, managed to get loose and he made it very lively for the entire neighborhood. This is not an isolated case. It frequently happens in the north that Texas steers obtain their liberty and run through the streets with fragments of leading citizens on their horns.

In Texas there is no animal more docile than the Texas steer. You never heard of any of them in Texas being injured by a rampant steer, which is as harmless as a wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store.

It is the bad treatment he receives once he gets to New York that makes the Texas steer unruly. He is bounced and jolted over two or three thousand miles of rough railroad track. He is not given anything to drink, and that kind of treatment even a Texas steer despises.

He (the Texas steer) is pushed, beaten and sneered at as a "long horn," all the way to New York. When he gets there he is driven to the slaughter pen and subjected to all manner of insults. It is a wonder that, frenzied and exasperated by such barbarity, hearing all the time that he is an outlaw and never being invited to take a drink, is it a wonder, we say, that he loses patience and charges through the streets? His real object is merely to get back to Texas, where he is appreciated. If the people get in his way he removes them, as he is in a hurry. And then, the press denounces the Texas steer as a desperado!

Do the people of the north expect that, after suffering all these wrongs in transit, the Texas steer will go around wagging his tail like a pet dog, and seeking to kiss the hand that smites him? If they do, they will be disappointed for, docile as he is, there is a limit to his patience.—Texas Siftings.

It is a great mistake for any young man to seek or accept a Federal office, says the Globe-Democrat. He can do better in any branch of commerce. More men have been wrecked than political career, and depending upon the government for a living. Even those who achieve a fair measure of success do not get as much as they could earn elsewhere; and they are always at the mercy of circumstances over which they have no control. The truly wise man is the one who lets others hold the offices while he devotes himself to some legitimate and reliable business.

Capt. Jack Benton, who superintends the farming operations of a large band of Indians on the San Carlos River, was in Globe the present week. He gives a favorable report of the condition of the San Carlos reservation Indians. Very many of them are engaged in clearing new ground and tilling the soil for next season's crops, which now promise to be large.—Silver Belt.

### A New Liquid for Concentrating Ore.

According to the Denver Republican a fluid has been manufactured of a specific gravity four times that of water, and that will not blend or intermingle with water. Of course such a liquid, if it can be cheaply concocted, will be a valuable appliance in ore dressing and separation. "Col. A. W. Harris, a prominent mining man of New Mexico," says the Republican, "recently exhibited in Denver a bottle containing the liquid together with fragments of quartz and minerals. The bottle could be violently agitated, and in a moment the fluid would separate from the water, the mineral sink to the bottom, and the quartz float on the fluid, between it and the water, which collected on top. Col. Harris stated that the discoverer of the liquid asserted that he could make it of any desired quantity, and that it could be made at about fifteen cents per pound, the cost varying in proportion to the specific gravity, and being about 25 per cent. of the cost of quicksilver. Should the discovery work as well in practice as it does in a small way, and the loss of the fluid make it of any great value, it would seem that the question of economic ore concentration had been solved, and concentrating belts, buddles and jigs will soon be offered for sale at less than ten cents on the dollar of their original cost."

### Hydrographic Investigation.

Captain Dutton was in Tombstone last Monday, and the